

## INDIA ARISE now in Switzerland

'INDIA ARISE' began its tour of the Swiss cities last week in Lucerne's Festival Concert Hall. *Vaterland*, Switzerland's leading Catholic daily newspaper, in its review, said: '*India Arise* had elements which entertained and elements which deeply stirred . . . In gay sketches, gracious folk dances and rousing songs, which carried you along, and haunting melodies of the Indian homeland and in impressive living pictures *India Arise* showed today's India and the faith of young Indians in a future full of peace, freedom and brotherhood.'

Speaking after the performance Rajmohan Gandhi thanked the people of Switzerland for the aid they had given India. He went on to say: 'We want something more. We want revolution in our country, Asia and the world. There are two thousand million people in Asia and we want, with God's help, to build a new life so that every family has food, home and faith that satisfies. Some nation needs to proclaim to the world that not materialism but obedience to God's will is the answer. It could be Switzerland.'

A national committee of Federal Members of Parliament, Senators and Cantonal leaders, headed by Paul Chaudet, a former Swiss President, has invited the musical to the country.

Leo von Wyl, President of the Cantonal Government, at an official dinner, presented a financial gift to *India Arise*. He said, 'You have come to the countries of Europe to give Moral Re-Armament. Your enterprise can be called revolutionary.'

Members of the MRA force conferred at lunches with Catholic MPs, Socialist Party leaders and representatives of the Swiss Federation of Labour.

## Play reopens soon in spite of fire

# ARTS CENTRE CARRIES ON

THE FIRE AT the Westminster Theatre early Monday morning has interrupted performances of *Happy Deathday*, but has not halted the programme of the Arts Centre.

Stanley Kiaer, Secretary of the Theatre's Trustees, was reported in the *Daily Express* of 20 March: 'The stage area is gutted. The smoke has affected the auditorium and that will have to be cleaned up. Fortunately the Arts Centre with the Restaurant and kitchens was not affected. We shall be putting the play on again as soon as possible.'

Next morning the Chairman of the Westminster Memorial Trust, Kenneth Belden, issued the following statement:

WE SHALL RE-OPEN *Happy Deathday* as soon as possible. Everyone concerned—architects, engineers, contractors, insurance companies and

local authorities—are moving at top speed to repair the damage and restore the theatre. We appreciate the goodwill that so many have shown. *Happy Deathday* is a great play which gives God's truth to Britain at this moment. We can use this interval to make it more widely known and to encourage everyone to come when it re-opens.

Many realised afresh how much they value the Westminster when they heard how near we came to losing it this week. Many will feel this added incentive to their determination to complete the Building Fund for the new Arts Centre, so providentially preserved from damage.

We have many new and unexpected plans ahead. Meanwhile, everything goes forward as usual—restaurant, snack bars, films, courses and the rest. We shall announce the re-opening date as soon as our expert consultants can give us one. We hope it will be within the next three weeks.

## FILMS REPLACE PLAY WHILE THEATRE IS REPAIRED

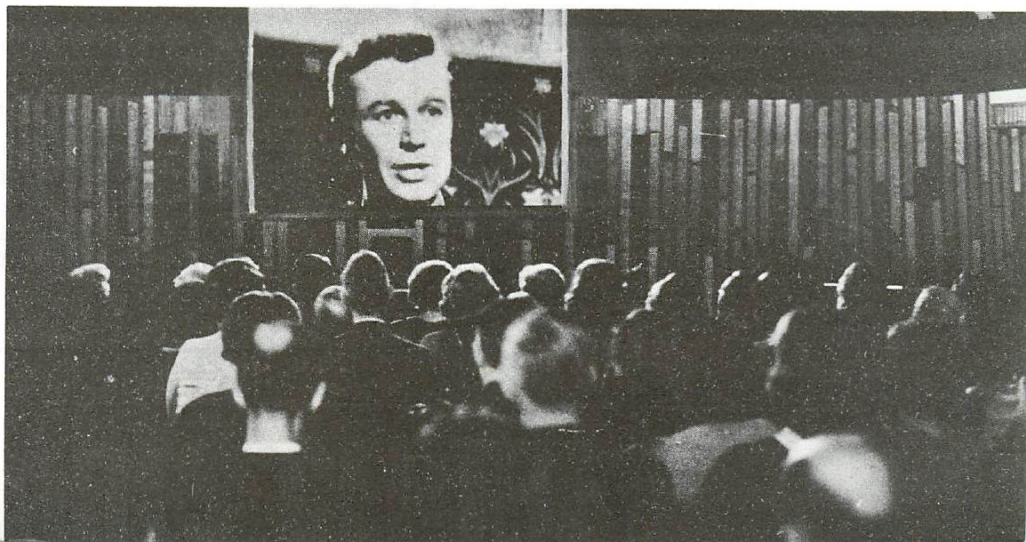


Photo: Blair

# EASTER..miracles for all

by Roland W. Wilson

WHY do people come to terms with the world? Why does organisation, which is wholly needful in any effective operation, outweigh the needed miracle of change in men? Why does the revolutionary conviction of yesterday become the bourgeois, accepted outlook of today?

The morning I first met Frank Buchman as a student he said to me, 'Your job is to change the most difficult man in your college.' He did not ask if I knew how to. He told me to go and do it.

Whether any of the half-dozen men who in the next weeks decided to give as much of their lives as they knew to as much of God as they understood were in fact the most difficult in the college only God can tell. But I know that in my own life a passion for souls was born.

I expected from that time on not just to influence men but to swing their wills Godwards, to win them to the practical proposition that only God knows the answers, and that only through God-led, dedicated men and women can the world find the cure it craves.

## Sizzling sense of God

I expected victory to replace defeat, enthusiasm to replace apathy, a plan to replace no plan or mere good intentions. So men became changed. It was God's work, not mine. But it happened.

That started years ago. One thing we knew—if we did not do it, no one would. Nor had we plays or films to help us—the aids and weapons we now possess but often fail to evaluate.

Could everybody decide this Easter to be up to date enough to bring change to men? The key is in my own heart. Some time ago I faced the fact that there were places in my heart and will where God did not prevail—known places. Unknown places there will always be. But known places there need not be. There were godless, vain things I coveted.

There was dishonesty, in that I condoned defeat in a way that suited convenience but would never have satisfied the frank view of a faithful friend.

These things rob a person of revolution. Miracle becomes theory, not experience. And men around us cease to change, because the sizzling sense of God's power has been sapped by compromise.

There is nothing remarkable in this, except that we often do not see through it. Human nature slides downhill unless it climbs up. The battle for the world and for people draws its freshness and fire from my own battle with every known assault of evil in my own life.

Honesty, purity, unselfishness and love are not chilly principles to which men and women of Moral Re-Armament pay lip-service. They are the life-blood of humanity which must flow and pulse in our veins more richly and powerfully every day if we are to offer the necessary transfusion to humanity, including the man or woman next to us.

Can we decide to live to bring miracles to men? Can people from this moment on preoccupy us rather than problems? Can we enter, or re-

enter, the adventure of studying God's miraculous approach for individual souls? Time in the morning alone with God finds new fascination when the needs and the destiny of people are at the centre of it.

The changing of men and women remains the heart of our task, which is the moral re-armament of the world. A Cross launched Christianity. A Cross will establish it.

Sixteen centuries ago St. Augustine wrote: 'Let us ask for Divine grace. He who asks for anything else asks for nothing; not because all things are nothing, but because, in comparison to such a thing, all else that can be desired is nothing at all.'

The first prayer I heard Frank Buchman utter was also his life's charter:

'O, for a passionate passion for souls,  
O, for the pity that yearns,  
O, for the love that loves unto death,  
O, for the fire that burns!  
O, for the pure, prayer power that prevails,  
That pours itself out for the lost,  
Victorious prayer in the Conqueror's Name,  
The Lord of Pentecost.'

WHILE THE THEATRE is being restored there will be a programme of films of Westminster Theatre plays on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evenings at 8.15 in the Arts Centre. Dinner will be served beforehand in the restaurant and the snack bar will be open for coffee afterwards. Dinner parties should begin before 7 pm.

There will be no charge for the film showings but a collection will be taken for the Arts Centre Building Fund.

The showing of films is scheduled as follows:

28 March	MR BROWN COMES DOWN THE HILL
29 March	THE DICTATOR'S SLIPPERS
30 March	THE VOICE OF THE HURRICANE
4 April	DECISION AT MIDNIGHT
5 April	THE DICTATOR'S SLIPPERS
6 April	FREEDOM

**C**HRIST IS RISEN  
 From tomb on earth to throne in  
 heaven;  
 The world is new, our sins forgiven.  
 Alleluia!  
 Spring, with her colour, warmth and  
 scent,  
 Season of budding and rebirth,  
 Heralds the harvest for the earth.  
 And just as God drew in the sky  
 His bow of mystic symmetry—  
 A covenant of majesty,  
 That men no more need dread a flood  
 As symbol of the wrath of God—  
 So year by year He sends the spring,  
 Promise and pardon mingling,  
 While Christ eternal from the Cross  
 Bounty bestows from utter loss.  
 The broken, cold and stagnant earth  
 Quickens with miracles of birth,  
 And spirits, broken, contrite, cold,  
 Are healed with blessings manifold,  
 While hopes and hearts and harvesting  
 Stir with renewal in the spring.  
 At Eastertide the power, the joy,  
 Runs barefoot like a little boy  
 Across the land in revelry.  
 At Eastertide the joy, the power,  
 Rises like sap. O magic hour,  
 When hope grows warm with certainty  
 Of miracles that we shall see,  
 Of harvest in the fields again  
 And harvest in the hearts of men—  
 God's kingdom after sweat and pain.  
 Yes, death becomes a wondrous thing  
 'Mid Cross and crocus in the spring.

---

# THE SPRING

---

*a poem by  
 Peter Howard*

---

Beauty is free to walk abroad  
 And spread the glory of the Lord.  
 The stiff white collars of the frost  
 Melt from the hedgerows, and, embossed  
 With cowslip and anemone,  
 The robes of Easter warm each day.  
 Spring touches with her garment's hem  
 The thickets as she garlands them;  
 With green and blossom cloaks the thorn  
 That crowned a King one bitter dawn.  
 The robin, with his breast as red  
 As streamed the blood from that bowed head,  
 With beak and claws his tiny loom,  
 Weaves the reweaves his simple home.  
 Skeleton leaves and horses' hair  
 The fabric and foundation bear,  
 With craftsmanship his perfect prayer.  
 The stackyard ricks rise 'mid the hum  
 And bustle of the hungry drum.  
 The slender, silver straw of wheat,  
 Like ash-blond hair about your feet,  
 With oatstraw gold and beanstraw brown,

To build the thriving stackyard town.  
 While from the drum the sacks are filling  
 With grain for cattle and for milling—  
 The self-same kernel of the corn  
 Which Jesus ate one Sabbath morn.  
 And ever since the time, 'tis said,  
 A Baby in the wheat is laid.  
 Swaddled by chaff, in every grain  
 You see Him rise from death again.

In spring the horseman drives his plough  
 And lays the furrows row by row,  
 Like ripples of a rising tide  
 Across the arable they ride—  
 Then crooms to kill the tares and weeds,  
 With drills to sow the swelling seeds.  
 And some will fall and never grow,  
 Snatched straightaway by rook or crow.  
 And some will fall on stony ground;  
 So, rootless, withered will be found  
 In the sun's blaze. And some will choke  
 'Mid thistle, devil's claw and dock.  
 And some will gleam with harvest gold  
 An hundred and an hundred-fold,  
 Just as two thousand years ago  
 The Son of Man foretold it so.  
 He walks the land round Easter day,  
 Life-giving in fertility.  
 In spring the sea obeys the will  
 Of Him who whispered 'Peace, be still'.

The wrinkled ocean kneels and crawls  
 Against our towering island walls,  
 And seagulls sickle through the sky,  
 Plying their ancient husbandry  
 To glean sea-fruit among the caves  
 And pools o'erbrimming with the waves—  
 Crablings and shrimps and fish in shell  
 From each enamelled, twisting cell.  
 The sounds and scents and mystery  
 Which made them hunger for the sea,  
 Those fishermen of Galilee—  
 And on the seashore Christ appeared,  
 While Peter fished and others feared  
 That first unfailling Eastertide,  
 Which told the world Christ had not died.

O, heaven is earth and earth is heaven  
 To know that Christ the King is risen,  
 To know the Easter tale is true  
 That Jesus maketh all things new—  
 Earth, ocean, men and nations too.  
 Christ is risen  
 From tomb on earth to throne in heaven.  
 The world is new, our sins forgiven.  
 Alleluia!

# Lunn and Lean attack 'permissive society'

## New edition of 'The New Morality' reviewed

DRUGS, the crisis in the Roman Catholic Church, Protestant churchmen who spread confusion—'sanctified' or otherwise, what to do about Britain's 'permissive society', the pro's and con's of the ecumenical movement for world church union—these are some of the subjects gone into by Sir Arnold Lunn and Garth Lean in a revised, enlarged edition of *The New Morality* published last Monday. (Blandford Press paperback 7s 6d).

The authors refer to a discussion by a group of Oxford undergraduates of the *Sex and Morality* report submitted to the British Council of Churches. The students expressed their 'contempt' if the Church 'suddenly goes back on what it has said for two thousand years to try and please us'. One of them referred to the *Sun* cartoon of two women discussing the report over their shopping bags. One woman says to the other, 'Of course, they aren't married—they prefer to live together as courageous Christians

facing up to a varied and complex situation'.

Yet though engaged in polemics as defenders of the faith, the authors do not twist truth for propaganda. Having done the digging for factual material and comment by authorities, they are fair to their foes.

In a foreword to this new edition Lunn and Lean say they were pleased with the response to their earlier version, which had to be reprinted four times in 16 months. They also quote a letter from Canon Rhymes, whose views they had criticised. He wrote Sir Arnold that the book was 'well documented' and 'certainly quite fairly done'.

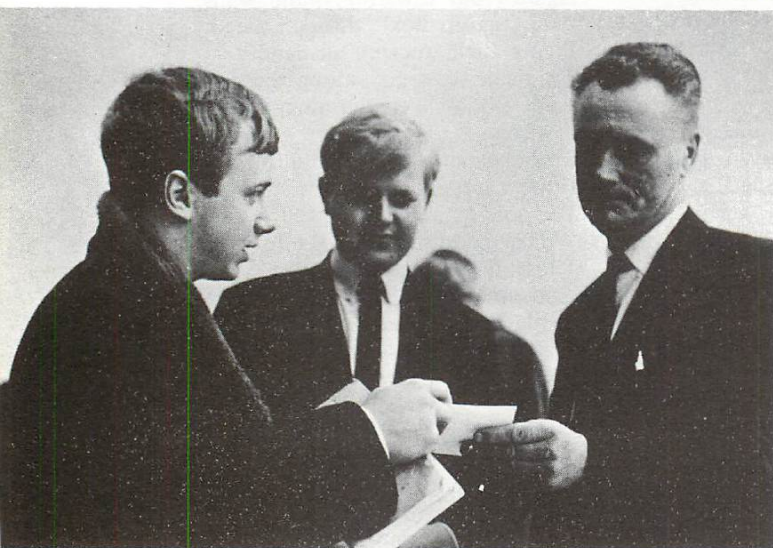
They are concerned throughout this new edition with issues relevant to Britain's life in 1967. For instance, with supporting fire from Malcolm Muggeridge in the *New Statesman* and Philip Toynbee in *The Observer* they have a go at Wayland Young, now Lord Kennet and a Minister in the

present Government. They point out that his suggestion that marijuana be sold 'on the same footing as alcohol' runs counter to the Home Secretary's efforts to cut drug addiction down by legislation. The authors refer to Alan Bestis' report after an eight month investigation for the *Sunday Telegraph* that every heroin addict he had met started on marijuana or pep pills.

A chapter on 'The Crisis in Roman Catholicism' refers to a Catholic Bishop who says the trouble with modern Catholics is their increasing reluctance to be out of step with an increasingly secular society. 'That indeed is the root of the evil,' says the writers, 'the attempt to transform the Church Militant into the Church Appeasing'.

Another new chapter is on 'Ecumenism—Militant or Defeatist.' It favours the kind of ecumenism that leads to an effective Christian battle conducted through the modern means of communication, the press, TV and radio.

An ecumenical committee with these aims 'would have to consist of Christians who are not afraid of a fight', Lunn and Lean say. They quote Emerson: 'God offers to every man the choice between truth and repose. Take what you please. You can never have both'. They add: 'There will be no place in a militant ecumenical movement for those who choose repose'. **R.A.E.H.**



Alan Brown with 'It's our country, Jack!' cast members

Photo: Beall

## FOOTBALL MANAGER MEETS CAST

TWENTY ONE HUNDRED filled the Sheffield City Hall last week to see a performance of *It's our country, Jack!*

On the invitation of Alan Brown, Manager of Sheffield Wednesday, the cast visited the club's football ground. Training was suspended in the practice gymnasium while the cast sang to the Manager and players.

Brown told them of his experiences since meeting MRA: 'You have to fight hard,' he said, 'to achieve the trust of people. There is only one way to achieve that and that is what I have learned from you of being absolutely honest and straight. In this game all the problems of human nature hit you very quickly. The only way to win the boys is your way, there is no other. It was only because I saw *The Ladder* which made me see myself as worthless that I have been able to look every man in the eye. Only since then have I had anything worthwhile.'